

The Historie of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputeles banishment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing seldome seene, I could not stir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would say, where, which is *Bulling brooke*:
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
And drest my selfe in such humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes.
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with Carning fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardsles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Ease of himselfe to popularity,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfettted with hony, and began to loath,
The tast of sweetnes, wherof a little.

More

Henrie the

More then a little, is by much
So when he had occasion to be
He was, but as the Cuckow is
Heard, not regarded: scene bu
As sicke and and blunted with
Affoord no extraordinary gaz
Such as is bent on sun-like Mai
When it shines seldome in adm
But rather drowzd, and hung
Slept in his face, and rendred s
As cloudy men vse to do to the
Being with his presence, gultie
And in that very line, *Harry Sta*
For, thou hast lost thy Princely
With vile participation, Not a
But is awery of thy common
Saue mine, which hath desired
Which now doth that I would
Make blind it selfe with foolish
Prin. I shall hereafter, my th
Be more my selfe. *King.* Fe
As thou art to this howre, was
When I from France set foot at
And euen as I was then is *Percy*
Now by my scepter and my lo
He hath more worthy interest t
Then thou, the shadow of succ
For of no right nor colour like
He doth fill fieldes with Harne
Turns head against the Lions a
And being no more indebt to y
Leades ancient Lords, and reue
To bloody battels, and to brusi
What neuer dying honor hath l
Against renowned *Dowglas*? wh
Whose hot incurfions, and grea
Holds from all Souldiers chieft
And military tide capitall.

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